

[Intro]

Bringing you back what you missed in hip-hop

Hard Truth Solder Radio

A GuerrillaFunk.com presentation

[Verse 1 – Paris]

You in tune to the most dangerous crew on file

Who get mashed mash on—b\*t\*h, get wild

With these field n\*\*\*a serenades, we break wide

In the land of the weak, home of the slave, we rise

To protect. They servin' us with sticks and shots

But who protect us from these murderous cops?

Who's heroes? You could keep your flags—I'm out

I'll wrap a chain around the precinct and burn sh\*t down

F\*\*k the police, I'm thinkin' how to feed my seed

Bumping DP's, bailin' down the block on D's

It's the same sh\*t every day

Seem the more a n\*\*\*a build, they wanna take away

Like a slave, when you can't eat you can't sleep

Can't seem to find peace. Only thing the streets see is police and poverty

B\*t\*h, don't start with me—I can't fade

The bullsh\*t noise that the radio play

Where the world wanna be like and talk like and act like

And rap like the black life is all gats and crack pipes

I'll spit right. N\*\*\*a, what? My sh\*t's tight

Who snitched. N\*\*\*a or b\*t\*h to choose sides

When we roam, we beat back Attack of the Clones

What kinda sh\*t y'all n\*\*\*as is on? We hit home

And spill so the people could feel this real talk

From the Bay and all them between to New York

Holla

[Hook]

What we gotta do is tear sh\*t up (x8)

[Verse 2 – Paris]

This the way we bomb when we come around

Still keep it on the map for the underground

F\*\*k the system, I'mma holla with a black fist

It's hard truth. Where my soldiers? We still blitz

And who's who with these gangstas, see a vet

These rap n\*\*\*as or the government? Take a guess  
See, we blessed with the speech that could reach oppressed communities  
Worldwide, so we don't waste time. We stress freedom  
And serve 'em with the style (what)  
Motherf\*\*k smilin' (what)  
Who wanna ride (what)  
Rally up the crowd (what)  
Full hollow tips (what)  
Cyanide squibs (what)  
Power to the people with rocks, banana clips  
See us struggle for the streets, motherf\*\*k the bling  
Nowadays, radio make it harder to bring  
Real sh\*t to the people—it's deeper than me  
They entice with the conflict, ice, and blow trees  
Corporatized by the vile—they smile and fill  
Black bodies in the pen—it's the men they kill  
3 strikes, whose life? Not my life, yours  
Put the men in the prison, turn the women to w\*\*\*\*s  
Ignore cries of the people—but time is up  
Stay tuned for the sequel—we buildin' to bust  
Goin' AWOL. F\*\*k all laws—I wanna attack  
This bullsh\*t, hold 'em accountable for they acts  
[Hook]  
What we gotta do is tear sh\*t up (x8)

[Verse 3: M-1, dead prez]  
Militant and political, Guevara M-1  
I wipe the smile off you many mouths, meld like a gun  
And I remember '99, goin' on tour with Big Pun  
Gettin' this fast rap cash from them six-week runs  
See, I done learned from them generals with wild entourages  
F\*\*kin' like rabbits but don't wanna be fathers  
F\*\*kin' up they hotel room, stay on some star sh\*t  
Know your role, play you position—rule 4  
You know you can't fade it, it's gang truce-related  
We bang for change, hittin'—no game, you can't hate it  
I wanna slap Bush and his mammy  
For how he did the Haitians in Miami  
That's my fam—coupe tete boule kay  
So please die, cracka die  
That's for 22 generations of genocide  
You see that's why we get high—just to get by

See, we sit and wait until it's dark outside and then we ride  
On our enemies. You can depend on me  
If you a pig, then you can't be no friend of me  
See, it's been 33 years since Fred been gone  
He was murdered on the same day Jay-Z was born  
For real. 12-4-69. Same year  
When they take one from us, then another appears  
We gon' take this time to commemorate  
NRD: National Revolutionary Day. Say:  
[Hook]  
What we gotta do is tear sh\*t up (x8)